TOUCHING THE HARP OF TARA

Eloquence, Pathos and Lofty Hope Mingled with Lava of Scorn.

SOME SPIRITED FIGURES OF SPEECH

The March of Freedom Irresistibly Onward, Pillowed by the Moral Strength of American Sympathy-An Apostrophe to Home Rule.

At the annual reunion of the United Irish societies of Chicago, held at Ogden's grove, August 15, Mr. T. B. Minahan of Omaha defivered the following address before an audience of 15,000 people;

To the Irish exiles these gatherings are always suggestive. They link the present with the past. They keep the memory of

the old land green.
Like rembrant lights that linger at evening when the day is done; like the magic spell of old lullables crooned in Irish cabins, as when the hand of the harper, straying among the strings, stirs again some lost chord, so I fancy these reunions of the scattered Gael reawaken sad but exquisite recollections

Scenes of other days rise through the mist of years, and like a mirage they cheat, for a passing moment, the all too realistic present. A bit of landscape, touched with beanty from the bosom of Killarney; the Bells of Shandon, softly chiming upon the waters of the River Lee; an Irish dawn breaking upon the Hills of Tara; twilight falling at the "Meeting of the Waters;" some tower-crowned headland fronting the sea, and clothed with grandeur from the brow of the clothed with grandour from the brow of the Giant's Causeway; the moonlight sifting through the storied ruins of fairy-haunted Clan-Mac-Nois, or it may be silvering some ivy-mantled Mucross abbey.

From instantaneous glimpses of these, how easy the transition to imagine we can hear the mystic greetings telephoned by the winds of the Atlantic, interchanging messages of Irish hope and Irish love from shore

sages of Irish hope and Irish love from shore

Sounds of old familiar voices break the coffined silence of death. Dead faces robed in the love-light of Madonna haloes. The touch of hands unseen. How they all becken and whisper you back—back to that "Stream-silvered, iake-jeweled, sea-girdled isle"

back to the dearest spot on earth—the home Scarcely withholding the tribute of a tear. I hear you repeating with the plowman poet: "Still o'er these scenes the memory wakes, And fondly broads with miser care; Time but the impression stronger makes As streams their channels deeper wear."

We who are native here and to the manner we who are native here and to the manner born-you of Illinois, we of Nebraska, are we the less American because at times we gather at the banquet board of some New England, some Pennsylvania or Ohio club! While we love the new homes planted upon the sunlit prairies, how often retro-spection hallows again for the control of the spection hallows even for us an hour filled with memories of those older hearthstones in the valleys of the Mississippi, the Ohio and far beyond the Alleghanies! Something, perhaps, of what I mean is so beautifully ex-pressed by Tom Mesors.

pressed by Tom Moore: You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will, But the scent of the roses will cling round it

What narrow, mean, contemptible spirit of criticism, then, will dare to challenge the Irishman's love for America because on days like this his heart instinctively wanders back, keeping time to the music of "Home, Sweet Home!" No, no! There never has been, there

never can be reason to doubt the Irishman's stern allegiance to the great flag. Bogus Patriotism.

There is a custom just now (one, however, "more honored in the breach than in the observance") of wearing a miniature flag on the lapel. The Irishman rather chooses to wear that flag where he wear that that flag where he wore it in the bloody days of the 60's—at Shiloh and the Wilderness with Ulysses S. Grant; at Fredericksburg, keeping step with Meagher to the sternest music of death; on The March to the Sea, hedging it round with loval steel; at Win-chester, snatching it from defeat with that grim, gallant, picturesque Murat of the re-bellion—our own immortal Phil Sheridan. Love the flag! Why all its folds are wet with Irish blood. Its stars have caught some of the best light of their "purest ray

serene" from the flash, in freedom's fight, of Ireland's "ex-Calebar." Yes, we love the flag—not as the Orangeman loves the English rag, because it is red. We love it because it has always been nobly We love it because its folds are broad enough to shelter every race, grand enough

steet every creed, As the sons of Irishmen, we love Old Glory because in the dark days of famine and of exile it was here our fathers saw a light as did the Israelites of old when following the pillar of fire by night and the luminous cloud of hope by day

We love the flag-because it was only yesterday we saw it kissed by the breeze from the Shannon and the Liffey as it floated the ensign of a nation's charity to save from starvation landford-robbed Ireland. We love the stars and stripes because it was under the agis of its power that the

doors of English prisons awang upon their hinges and gave back to freedom's fight the Emmets of our times, the Parnells, the Redmonds, the Davitts and the O'Briens. We love the flag-because it was the grand gospel of its teaching that converted Glad-

stone from a tyrant of coercion in 1882 into the English Wenderl Phillips of today. We love the flag because every star in its constellation is forever fixed in the broad zenith of that universal brotherhood of

American citizenship which recognizes no creed and knows no nationality. Under this flag there are no Irish, no English, neither is there German, Swede nor Scandinavian-one and all, we are nothing unless, heart and soul, we are Americans.

More than all, we love the flag because it is ours; because by reason of it we are here; here, bone of its bone and blood of its blood of the great republic, in defense of whose institutions are all of the control of the statement of the second of the second of the great republic, in defense of whose institutions are all of the second o stitutions against any and every power or influence under heaven, the Irishman—his children's children—will always be found shoulder to shoulder with the Puritan of the north and the cavalier of the south. A Question Answered.

Who are these fellows who fall into epiwho are these fellows who laid into epi-leptic fits of Americanism whenever the Irish flag is flung to the breeze! True born Americans! "Countrymen of Israel Putnam, of Ethan Allen, of Joseph Warren, the Rutledges, the Sumpters, the Pinkneys, and the Marions?" Never! Who then are they? Well, there are some things one can scarcely whisper in good society. Free, with all his whisper in good society. nius even Burns barely escapes offending polite ears when immortalizing a-louse. Out upon the

"Crawlin, ferlie;"
"Creepin, til sell wunners!"

There's a uniq aversion of nature known to the naturalist of the plains. It is the timid, barking, little prairie doz, the en-venomed rattlesnake and the day-blinded ewl. As God made them so he matched them, for they all burrow, bark, hiss and hoot from the door of the same hole in the ground. The single perfection needed to make this fithy family complete would be that other sweet-scented chef d'œuvre of nature, a full-blown, unadulterated skunk. I mean his prototype among men, an "A. P. A." God help such Americans! A cross between a London dude and a Montreal Orangeman. How in keeping with the fitness of things if the patriots, instead of tak-ing their cue from Westminster, if they would only take a hint from the last act in the tragedy of Judas Iscariot—go out of the light of today into the darkness of the past and hang themselves.

and naug themselves.

I think it is one of Dion Bouckault's dramas, that some Shaun Rhue, some Kerry Gow.condenses a whole volume of withering scorn and contempt as he huris at the Irish Iago, the Danny Mann of the play: "Sit down you sphider!" To the whole dark lantern outfit now dogging the steps of the Irish Americans, invincible upward trend in the nation, we say: "Sit down, ye sphiders." The Americans, invincible thward trend in the nation, we say: "Sit down, ye sphiders."

To the Choats, the Lowells, the Harpers and the Bishep Newmans, we repeat it: "Sit down, you spiders!" Possibly it would be more charitable to fling after the Pharasee patriots an Irishman's left-handed blessing: May the light of civilization overtake them long before good luck soils her cinderella slipper on their befogged pathway.

there is another class of Americans. Men and women whose sense of fair play, whose love of human right is bounded by no nar-row, geographical lines. A class who re-member that Daniel O'Connell's voice was only echoed when the now forever stilled elequence of our own Phillips—that Titan of Americanism—sounded the bugle blast of freedom that thrilled the nation's heart until we saw the shackles fall from the black slaves of the southern plantations. A class of membe who read the story of Owen class of membe who read the story of Owen black slaves of the southern plantations. A class of people who read the story of Owen Roe O'Neill, as portrayed in Mrs. Sadiler's enchanting romance of the "Irish Chieftains;" the story of Wolf Tone, of Thaddens of Warsaw, of Wallace, of Tell and "Bruce of Bannockburn," with the same generous thrill they might feel if those immortal names had been American. A class of people whose sympathies prove the poet more philosopher than dreamer when he said: "One touch of nature makes the whole

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." world kin."

A class whose hearts burn with indignation as intense whether standing beneath the scaffold of Robert Emmet or kneeling above the grave of Marshai Ney. A class who feel for the slave whether his sigh be wafted from the Indian ocean, heard in the clank of chains upon the plains of Siberia, or comes from where Shareson, all least deals. comes from where Shannon's silvery floods give back the Irish landscapes whose beauty seems like vistas stretching from the very foot hills of heaven.

These are the true born Americans-earth's grandest men, its noblest women. A Blaine in the cabinet, a Sherman on the tented field; Mrs. Cleveland in the white tented fleid; Mrs. Cleveland in the whit house, and Mrs. John A. Logan anywhere.

Home Rate. But I am drifting from my subject. I had intended to speak to you of Ireland and home rule. On the French side of the English channel is the little seaboard town of Calais. For half a century or more it was the bloody bone of contention in the great wars between England and France. The graying was finally appropried by one The garrison was finally surrendered by one of the Plantagenet queens. When she was dying she said to the attendants about her that if her heart was dissected "Calais" would be found written upon it. However this may have been, I have an idea that if the scalpel were to open the heart of the humblest Irishman who treads the earth, nome rule for Ireland would be found some-

where very near the core.

We are told the old Carthagenian Hamilor swore his son Hannibal upon the altar of his country to eternal enmity with Rome. in the case of the Irish father such an oath would be altogether unnecessary. Hatred for England runs in the Irish blood— whether it be beneath the equator, under the southern cross, in the frozen solitude of the north or here.

"With freedom's soil beneath our feet." The Irishman, to the latest generation, curse the government of England; he will oppose its policy and fight against its power wherever the slimed track of the serpent shall cross the path of his exiled

wanderings.
I would not, however, have you misunderstand me. Ireiand's fight is not now, and never has been, with the plain people of England. It is with the same privileged classes, the same landlord aristocrats, the descendants of the same tories who would have hung George Washington and John Adams, Thomas Jefferson and Patrick Henry with as little compunction as they nurdered Robert Emmet and the martyrs of

So far as the English people are concerned. why, we all know they will strike hands to-morrow with the Irish people; would hail with cheers the breaking dawn of the day when, as John Boyle O'Reilly puts it:

"Europe's thirteen monarchies may be stables Without a barrier and without a throne, One grand federation like our own."

If the people of England, themselves too If the people of England, themselves too long the footstool of a wornout, tyrant aristocracy—if they would only advance under the leadership of another Hampden to the last Runnymede in their history; if, instead of putting the English scepter in the libertine hand of her successor, they would just kick the bauble of queen's crown into the Thames; if some fine morning in the near future they would gather at Balmoral castle, change it into an English white house, with some Gladstone in the presidential chair. some Gladstone in the presidential chair, Ireland and England would soon forget the tears, the blood the bitterness of the past Fontency and the Boyne water would fade upon the page of history. No longer heredof English statesmanship in every age dividitary enemies, the two people might strike hands and go forward, heart bound, like our own Massachusetts and South Carolina, to the realization of a splendid common destiny.

To such a consummation I believe even your this matter. I leave it for English tories and Orangemen to boast that Irishmen canown brilliant, uncompromising, stafwart John Finnerty would say, "Amen." Even he, I think, would forget the cherished aim of his life—a weaponed hand to lift the Irish green above the English red.

Whatever their faults as a nation there is one characteristic of the race to which the true born American will always lift his hat. mean the annealed grit with which they cling to the determination that sooner or later, in some day to come. Ireland will win back the long lost inheritance of nation-This resolve has never left the na-heart. True as the needle to the pole it will remain there even after the hand of Jonn Redmond or Justin McCarthy shall have grasped the charter of Irish constitu-

tional government. Right well may we look upon the green flag with honest pride.
'Tis as bright as of old, Not a stain on its green, not a blot on its gold."

Freedom's ensign is yet on its folds. It never fell when it met its Hastings or its Flodden Field. Ireland's freedom's eyes never closed when her Kosciuskoes fell. With a gaze still fixed upon victory's sun, she stands amid box irrepresentations. she stands amid her ivy-mantled, moulder-ing heaps, still grand, lovely in her age of voe. Like Milton's angels, the spirit of her nationality,

'Vital in every purt, cannot but by annihila-Say you the picture is overdrawn? Reflect

a moment. Spain, with Ferdinand and Isa-bella, blended the crown of Castile and of Aragon; Portugal, when Columbus and Delamma were seeking the Indies; Italy once mistress of the world; Greece, when she wore the "violet crown;" Holland, when Reyuter swept the seas; Sarmatia, before Warsaw's last champion fell; Switzerland, when Winkelried gathered to his devoted breast the Austrian steel-today, where are

'Peeping about to find themselves dishonora-ble graves." Realize the contract. Here she stands, the more than "Point of the Seas"—uncon-quered Ireland.

True, her children have been scattered to

the four winds of heaven; her government for centuries overthrown; her laws forgotten; her language almost so; her soil pol-luted by a horde of landlord thieves; her patriotism on the scaffold or in the dungeon; her genius conscripted, exiled or shackled with the fetters of enforced illiteracy:

"Tho' doomed to death, yet fated not to die." Here she stands, her autonomy intact; her spirit unbroken. Here in the right of the great century, in the parliament of men; her only steel the flash of intellect; her only Krupp guns, ideas, formulating the principles of eternal right and eternal justice. Ireland, you have grandly conquered. There in the very foremost of your fight stands the converted Saxon-Gladstonegreatest Englishman living or dead. he closes toward the Appomattox of home rule, all the world sends back: "God speed magnificent Ireland, magnanimous Britain."

The Future.

Watchman, what of the night? This is the uneasy challenge impatient today keeps calling in the aute-chamber of the coming tomorrow. How goes the fight?
What is the present outlook? Three obstacles mainly seem yet to threaten the final success of home rule—tory unionists, Irish disunionists and Ulster Orangemen.

Lord Randolph Churchill has been telling English people if home rule be granted it will not be long until some Irish Bismarck will startle the empire with that raw-head and bloody-bones in the closet of English statesmanship—"Repeal of the union." In answer to the logic of the argument, we must admit with the old lady who said, when

she put her foot in her stocking: "There's something in it." Americans unfamiliar with any other Americans unfamiliar with any other phase of Irish history than the unsuccessful revolutions of the past century may not fully appreciate England's fears in this regard. Go back with the polished French historian. Montelambert. Stand a moment in the light of Ireland's golden-hearted age—the eighth century—in that era when all Europe swarmed, an embattled camp of patriots an Irishman's left-handed blessing:
May the light of civilization overtake them long before good luck soils her cinderella slipper on their befogged pathway.

The True American.

For the honor of the nation, thank God,

the universal night and shone out the lone star of the world's Christian cultured civili-

Do Americans doubt this! Take up the Do Americans doubt this? Take up the history that has too long remained like a rain by moonlight, beautiful, but sadly neglected. It will convince you that as our own Mississippi takes its rise in the bubbling springs of the tiny Itaska; as the mighty Danube sourced in a more fountain in the court yard of a Russian hobleman; so from out that little gam is the measure was from out that little gam is the measure was from out that little gem in the western seas, from the island home of our forefathers there went out a stream of Christian culture that found its way in links of living light, even to the foothills of the far Carpathian moun-

Doubt the record of this splendid history! Why, it is written where every traveler has read it; written upon all the archways, upon every stone of the crumbling monuments that stand today the majestic rivals of the Acropolis; the Parthenon and the

In the presence of these deathless memories—the ruins that yet linger in picturesque beauty upon her hills, that baunt her valleys the wierd ghosts of her ancient splen Can Americans marvel why it is that brave, proud, unconquered race like the Irish cannot altogether forget or forgive the unparaonable infamy of that ruthless destroyer, that soulless tyrant, English misrule in Ireland?
It is true that Irishmen, reflecting upon

what their country once was, what it might have been, and what it is, have no love for the English empire. And who can blame

The place to study best the subject of home rule is at the famine pits of Sligo. Stand there, and while you contemplate you will see "Home Rule for Ireland" written in letters of blood. Look toward the docks of Ireland in the days of her exile; in the days of the "Crow-bar Brigade," when the awful wail of her family partings was answered

"Steel to the bosom and flame to the roof." Listen, and you will hear in the great, sad, niserare, booming from the Atlantic, "Home Rule for Ireland.

When we reflect upon these things, when we think upon the railroad and canal beds of America, upon all the menial occupations where Irish men and Irish women have been condemned even in this our own fair land to be the hewers of wood and the drawers of water, solely because of the tyranny that robbed their country of her industries, her trades, her commerce, and her manufactories—reflecting upon this, I say, Ireland's wrongs appeal like angels' trumpet tongues against the deep damnation of landlord cruelty—that foulest blot upon God's creation. Forget these things to grasp in national friendship the bloodstained hand of the government across the channel? Does Shasta twin with Actna? Does the eagle of the Sierras mate with the carrion buzzard of the plains?

Forgive the English landlord? Yes; when the day dawns that shall look upon the penitent thieves on the same national cross to which through centuries they have nailed the Irish people, Before, never! Thundering up to heaven from three continents I hear the stern, sublime never! God belp us we are human. To forgive would be givine. But I repeat it: There is no hatred in the Irish heart for the English people. Home rule. No Sadlier-Keough, "brass band" flasco, but a fair measure of self-govern-

This is the single clear cut issue. From its concession the English people have nothing to fear. With it Iroland will be content; with it the world will see her take care o her own future. You know what "Mickey Free" says in the

story about his father getting out of limbo. Well, with nome rule, it will be but a short tomorrow until Ireland leaves behind forever the hell of English tyranny. She will soon stand where the "grass grows green," above the graves of English landlordism.

Threatening Dangers. I have said that one of the dangers threatening the success of home rule is disunion in the ranks of Irish leadership. If there be one word in the language that should now be burned in characters of fire upon the Irish heart, that word is "Union." Disunion stands the grim accuser of every failure in the past. The serpent gliding his slimy way into Paradise was not more infamously wily than has been the cunning

of English statesmanship in every ago divid-ing the councils of Irish leadership. not be trusted to govern themselves. I do not believe it.

Ireland is not without a parallel, either, for the disunion in the ranks of her leadership today. Our own American history has a revolutionary story of disunion plots and cabals that darkened around Washington in the sternest hour of our own great struggle for home rule. Other instances there are just as striking. But there is no one hero but ourselves today. This, therefore, is not a time for palliation or excuse. Disunon now among Irish leaders is a blot upon the patriotism of either side. A crime against the people of Ireland. An unpardonable insuit to the friends of home rule everywhere. On the eve of Gettysburg had Hancock and Meade trified or quarreled as to who should command that fated field we Americans would have held them both as eternally infamous. The cause is immeasurably grander than the men. Not that we love Redmond and Healy, McCarty and Sexton

less, but that we love Ireland more.
"A plague on both your houses!"
The nour demands patriots. It will not longer tolerate partisans.
As factors in the fight, as men who have stood by them with our purse, who are still ready, if it must be, to stand by them with our blood; as men having the right to speak. Irish-American, with all the intensity of trembling hope and fear, as much in sorrow as in anger, one and all, we denounce a longer continuance of disunton as traitorous-as

Against this spirit of faction all the bitter experience of the past rises in judgment. From out the blood stained record of Irish history; from out the Parthenon of Ireland's statesmen, her heroes, and her martyrs; from every spot where genius and heroism have offered up the sacrifice of bright and noble lives: from the old Parliament house where English cuming overthrow e English cunning overthrow liberties gained by Grattan and

the volunteers; from stout Ath-lone and Cromwell-cursed Drogheda; from the shattered walls of Limerick, where Sarsfield held the breach, and forced the broken treaty of 1691; from the plains of Landon and Rambliles; from Oudmard and Malplaquet; from the lonely unepitaphed grave in the city of Dublin, where sleeps with fame's eternal sunshine on his slur bers' the ashes of Emmet, the best loved rebel that ever unsheathed the consecrated brand of Irish rebellion; from the Cathedral of Saint Peter's in Rome, where rests the pulseless heart of O'Connell, shrined in the representative temple of the faith, to whose unbounded worship he emancipated a nation; from the gallows of the "noble three"—
Allen, Larkin and O'Brien; from the world
today, where the men of our race are welded in union beautiful as the emblematic trinity of the shamrock on the flag; from the whole American press—always the storm-tried anchor of Ireland's best hope; from the burning hearts of the living as well as the sacred ashes of the dead, an indignant protest assails the abettors of disunion, crying out with one mighty voice: "Away with out with one mighty voice: "Away with it!" "Away with it!"

"Close your ranks, the moment's come Now ye men of Ireland steady! Friends of freedom charge them home Foes of freedom 'Fagan Ballough!"

A Great National Drama. Who that has thoughtfully marked the untolding of the great national drama, with all its lights and shadows, can help admiring the self-governing capacity demonstrated by the Irish people. How often the sentiment:

"Oh, for the swords of former times;
And oh, for the men who bore them;
When armed for right they stood
sublime.
And tyrants crouched before them."
How often the hot blood of the race has
burned with impatience under the maddening outrages of coercion?

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

How often the cruelly disappointed nation has been tempted to reach again in the groping darkness of desperation for the pike of the rebel; for the naked biade of a Lord Fitzgerald. No single fact stands out against the back ground of the great intellectual struggle more clearly and unmistakably defined than that Ireland of today is not the Ireland of '88.

not the Ireland of '98.

I hear some advanced nationalists indignantly ask: "Who fears to speak of '98!"
No one. No, nor of '48 either. No true Irishman will ever consent to take the laurel from the tomb of the "United Irishmen." Wither the hand that would pluck a leaf, a single one of memory's immortelies from the MONDAY WE START OUR

in Omaha, for we start this sale with veritable knock-down blows.

"Great Housekeepers'

(FOR THE ENTIRE WEEK)

-OF LINENS, DOMESTICS AND BASEMENT SPECIALTIES-We want to bring to the front one of the most popular departments in our establishment, our basement, and to that will make some famous bargains. There is no more important part of our homes than the Kitchen, and a well equipped kitchen gives tone to the other apartments. This sale will help to equip many kitchens' pantries and chambers

Basement Sale.

We want room for \$20,000 worth of china and glassware, and we'll make room by an entire clearance of hundreds of useful articles.

At 13c.

Candlesticks, scoops, funnels dinner pails, gallon measures, glass oil cans, pudding molds, colanders and coffee pots. Any article is worth a quarter, but you take what you want, quick, at 13c.

At 23c.

Potato fryers, good coffee pots, jelly strainers, water sprinklers, tea kettles, stew kettles, wash basins, sugar boxes, batter pails, farina boilers, Japanese waiters, large dish pans, child's table trays, etc., etc. How does that lot strike you? Does the price fit?

We don't expect people to be over good natured this sizzling weather: but if the thermometer doesn't drop-our prices will, and these prices will make anybody smile.

Nickel plated chafing dishes, coffee urns and hot water urns at half price. Sale continues the entire week of unsurpassed values.

Basement Boquet At 33 Cents!!!

Oyster chafing dishes, knife and fork trays, knife drainers, nurse lamps, large tea kettles, jelly strainers, seamless dinner basket, oatmeal cookers, pudding molds, steak broilers, stew kettles, milk pails with strainers, splendid tea kettles, egg poachers, large bread pans, extra large heavy dishpans,

ice cream molds, etc., etc., and the

price to close them will be 33c each.

Some of these articles were as high as 75c. Your gain just now. Best tin pie plates go for 3c.

Best tin pint cups for 3c. Large steel fry pans go for 19c. Heavy copper tea kettles for 98c. "Dollar and quarter" nickel tea

kettles, with copper rim, go at 60c. The prices are ridiculous. A good big No. 8 copper bottom

wash boiler for 59c. These are the goods always in style-always needed, but NOT always to be picked up at the prices we quote.

Special prices will be made during this sale on lamps, chamber sets, tea sets, dinner service, clocks and bric-a-brac. Sale continues the entire week,

for stock must be closed out.

Cottons and Linens.

Housekeepers to be successful must keep each of their departments, like storekeepers-well stocked up. Cottons and Linens are in order just now.

Good big Huck Towels, at 12tc-25c a pair.

25c and 30c fine Damask Towels, at 19c.

A 56-inch Cream Damask at 39c a yard, is a corker. A 60-inch heavy Damask, at 45c, must catch the sharp housekeeper.

During this sale we'll give you a \$1.25 Damask, 72 inches wide, for 89c. That's another plum for the house-

Again, we'll sell a big Bed Spread, Marseilles pattern, good value for \$1.25, but the quick housekeeper gets it

Beautiful Glass Toweling, at 12ic.

Yard-wide Brown Sheeting, at 4c a yard-20 yards for 80c, and always needed at home.

Of course we use Napkins, particularly when we can buy a \$1.25 napkin for 98c, and a \$2.50 napkin at \$1.95. Wamsutta Muslin at 10c a yard.

Brown Canton Flannels are at special low prices for this sale-5c, 6c, 8c, 10c and 12tc.

Good Bleached Canton Flannels, at 6tc, 8c, 9c, 10c and 12tc.

By the way, ladies, you'll see some of the shrewdest and sharpest buyers with us during this great sale Won't you be with us? Of course you will. This week will be the househeepers' harvest time.

IT PAYS TO TRADE WITH

P. S .- ARE YOU CUTTING OUT OUR ADVERTISEMENTS FOR THOSE PRIZES? GET PARTICU-LARS AT STORES

THE MORSE DRY GOODS CO.

Sixteenth and Farnam Streets, Omaha.

garland encircling the brows of glorious '98! Nor would I forget the reverence due to "Young Ireland"—Mitchell and Meagher and Davis. What a splendid triumvirate rivaling Rome in the bost days of her Brutus! Who has not felt his spirit burn within him at the echo of Meagher's Catalinian eloquence? Who has not thrilled again while looking through the pictured lines of Davis upon Fontenoy-famed Fontenoy, where the exiles swept with level steel the English victor field, and stood

"With bloody plumes, Like eagles in the sun," upon the red slopes lifting the stained ban-ner of the lillies of France to mingle in the

poud light their valor shed upon the flag of The Irish heart throbs with emotion, too, at the names of William Smith O'Brien and Charles Gavin Duffy. The memory of the Manchester martyrs will live for all time in the national anthem of today. What matters it that scaffolds, dungeons and defeat brighten and blacken the page of Irish and

"The land is never lost that son to right her." Ireland has always had heroic soul to keep affame the lamp of na-tionality. Nor have the blows been struck in vain. What seem like failure resemble defeat only, as "The mist resembles rain." Ireland today is reaping the harvest of the seed sown in the blood of the brave. Had there been no O'Mahoneys, no Martins, no Loobys, to stand in English docks, Parnell had never ascended the Irish tribune. only regret, if regret there be, is that the men of other days were not weaponed with the wrath with which the nineteenth century can mail the arm of a slave to strike a

An Intellectual Battle.

But Ireland's present struggle is one of a different kind. It is the intellectual grapple of the spirits of light and right against the dragon of might. This, too, in an age when the power of the world's public opinion is spiking the cannon of standing armies. The final success of home rule means a new leaf in the volume of civilization. You may differ with me as to the conclu-

But you know "Tis with our judgments, as our watches; None go just allke, yet each believes his own."

When I say, therefore, that Ireland of today is not the ireland of '98, you will get cleared perhaps my meaning if I suggest that Ire land has now more of the sublimity of self-restraint, less of the dash of impulse. After all fortitude is nobler than courage. Calculating coolness delivers harder blows than ill-advised desperation. Think a moment. Was the heroism that

sternly died without firing a shot amid the terrine cannonade that burtled on Little Round Top, was it surpassed by the headlong charge that followed Pick-ett and his 16,000 incarnate battle fiends, as they swept up the blazing slopes of Cemetery Height? Washington and his army shivering in rags upon the wintry plains of Valley Forge are grander in the gloom after Monmouth's defeat than that same army in the blaze of Yorktown and Saratoga. Marshal McDon-ald crossing the Tyroleau Alps, battling the avalanche of the Spiugen, is greater than McDonald plereing the Austrian center on the terrific field of Wagram. Ney, as the rear guard of the retreat from Moscow. firing and spiking the tast gun at the passage of the Nemica, is a sublimer spectacle than the "Bravest of the Brave" seeking death in the freazied excitement of Waterloo's bloody twilight. Iraland curbing her hot blood under the resources of English civilization, answering desperation-goading coercion with passive but heroic aggression; Ireland calmiy pleading the justice of her great cause in the forum of man, presents an ex-ample of national discipline, of level-headed shrewdness that has forced the respect and fear of England not less than it has won the admiration, the applause of Ireland's

staunchest ally—the American people. Orangeism. What shall I say of that other obstacle still threatening to bar the way to Irish home rule—the Orangemen of Uister? I dislike to even think upon this subject of Orangeism. The bitterness of creed is such a foul thing. A moral microbe that would impunge upon and taint the very air of heaven itself. How is it that its spirit can heaven itself. How is it that its spirit can live in the light of today! Is it because, in the economy of nature, the magot must live as well as the rose must die? We had hoped the putrid grave of religious bigotry was to remain forever undisturbed under the night shade of the buried savagery of the past. Bah! It is a toadstool from the fens of ignorance, fit only to enthrone the macking floud of our common Christiants. mocking fical of our common Christianity— infidelity. But we hear so much of the Orangemen just now, for the benefit of ceived it;" over the second: "She has kept

Americans who might possibly mistake the Americans who hight possibly mistake the reason for the thoroughbred Irishman's hatred of the mongrel, I will answer the question, who is the Orangeman? He is the same scoundrel today he was when he sold his country rights that he might continue to persecute his brother's creed. The same wretch with whom Protestant Grattan, Protestant Emperical Protestant John Mitchell Pleaded met and Protestant John Mitchell pleaded with, but pleaded in vain for their poor old fated country.

As some character says in one of Shake speare's plays: "God made him (as he did the devil) therefore let him pass for a man." There is a celebrated painting in the gal-lery of the Louvre. It is said that visitors, catching at a single glance the full meaning of the great canvas, instinctively shudder and turn away in terror. The painting rep-resents, "The Traitor to His Country." The artist should have lived in Ulster, from whose infamy the world turns away horrifled. The countenance of a Gesler, a Grouchey, or a Benedict Arnold may be seen any day now in the streets of Belfast or Derry. The leopard cannot change his spots. The Orangeman is the same today as when Moore wrote upon his brow the awful curse of the fire worshiper:

Oh, for a tongue to curse the slave, Whose treason, like a deadly blight, Comes o'er the councils of the brave, And blasts them in their hour of might.

May life's unblest cup for him Be drugged with treachery to the brim, And when from earth his spirit flies, Just prophet, let the damned one dwell Full in the sight of Paradise, Beholding heaven, and feeling hell. Beating the Drum.

But why sully the lip or blister the tongue in calling the Irish Judas Iscariot harsh names. After all he is a harmless factor at present in the fight. True he has made much bluster and a great deal of poise lately. But he did the same before and a great has one but himself. The walls of scared no one but himself. The walls of Jericho long ago didn't fall when assaulted with tin horns and the noise of timbrals. They say the snake charmers of India at tacking the serpent of the jungle use, instead of a club, some sweet-toned musical instrument. One of the most beautiful passages in literature in the description by Chitaubriand of the taking of a rattlesnake near the falls of Niagara with no more formidable a weapon than the soothing music of an Indian's flute. Why might Iro-land not succeed if she tried some such experiment upon the Orangeman. She might try the virtue of a little blarney. Lady Aberdeen might be persuaded to con mence the modus operandi on this side of

the water. For myself I sometimes look at it in this light. A great American jurist has written in his commentaries 'As none are blest with every virtue, heither is any cursed with every vice." I would willingly and even caracstly hope for patriotic redemption in even an Orangeman. I will hope that when the charter of Irish home rule is hung up in the old Parliament house in College Green, it may not be long until with a burning blush of shame for her bigotry Ulster will soon be tempted to twine some orange iillies about the frame work of immortal shape rock. I will still hope for such a day of re-generation for even Ulster; for a day when all the sons and daughters of Ireland will be in their political affairs no longer Catholics nor Protestants, but only Irishmen-kneel ing at the common national shrine of their grand old country's prosperity and glory. Hope and Work.

Hepe and Work.

I intrude too far upon your considerate attention. In conclusion then I will say that though clouds and darkness yet rest upon her future we will not despair for the flual and complete triumph of home rule. Behind all the clouds still shines the sun of Irish hope. I have faith in the reawakened patriotism of the leadership of Ireland. I have faith in the cool, quiet, earnest determing. faith in the cool, quiet, carnest determina-tion of the Irish people. I have faith in the sincerity of Gladstone and the people he represents. I have faith in the unswervin steadfastness of America to prove true and unfaitering to every great cause espouses. I have faith, in this in the line of battle Ireland waging. But, more than all, waging. But, more than all, I have faith in that Eternal Hand that guides the destinies of nations. Beneath the surface of all human events, deep down in the philosophy of all human affairs; back of the dreams of the speculative, and the deeds of the active, behind the fall of empires and the rise of peoples—back and behind and beyond them all stands the eternal justice of the living God. I look into the sanctuary of Ireland's altar, and I see hanging there a beautiful chapiet, a glorious Tiara, a crown more mystically meaning that any that ever diademed the brow of a nation. On the first of these chapiets I read: "Ireland re-

that faith as none other ever kept it;" over the third: "She has spread that faith as to other nation ever spread it."

In this I have faith. It is the key, the key that satisfactorily unlocks the most singular As nations have no eternity there must, in

the logic of divine economy, be for them re-ward or punishment in time. In this I have abiding hope for Ireland's future. She seems indeed to have reached the summit of her national Calvary after standing for ages heroically in defense of her faith and her nationality at the pillar in the garden of England's Gethsemene. So certain as a God of Justice rules in the heavens so sure is it that Ireland's day of national transfiguration is at hand.

In this hope I look up and say with the poet priest of America: "Lo the cloud's drifting by, There's a gleam through the gloom, there's a light in the sky. 'Tis the sunburst-resplendent-far flashing

Erin's dark night is waning, her daydawn is

ELECTRICAL NOTES. Local telegrams are now being transmitted

nigh.

through pneumatic tubes in most of the principal cities of Great Britain. An interesting example of electricity as applied to farm work is in operation at a Scotch farm. The whole of the usual farm machinery, such as threshing, sowing, corn threshing and the like, are driven by an electric motor.

There are 1,168 submurine cables in existence, of which 228 belong to private com-panies and 880 are owned or leased by gov] ernments. The total length is 161,325 miles, the formes class having 144,743 miles and the latter 16,652 miles. Fifty-four of these cables belong to the state in France, the length being 3.979 miles; and Germany owns forty-six cables, having a total length of 2.025 miles. There are fourteen Anglo-French cables, ten Anglo-Belgian, eight Anglo Dutch and thirteen Anglo-German.

Telephonemeter is the newest word, naming an instrument to register the time of each conversation at the telephone from the time of ringing up the exchange to the ringing-off signal. Such a system would reducentals of telephones to a scale according to the service instead of a fixed charge to a business firm or an occasional user alike. The instrument has been constructed at the invitation of the German Telephone depart-ment and is to control the duration of tele-phone conversations and to total the time.

The duplex and quadruplex systems of telegraphy begun by Mr. Edison in 1869 and finished after six years of work, have saved America alone the enormous sum of \$15,000,000. By the duplex system two currents of different degrees of strength were sent over the same wire in the same tion, thus doubling its efficiency, while the quadruplex arrangement became possible when it was discovered that these two cur rents could be sent in opposite directions at the same time-thus enabling one wire to transmit four simultaneous messages. Not satisfied with this, Mr. Edison is confident of attaining sextuplex and octuplex systems. Electric street railways have met with ap-

storage battery principle are now in opera-tion. The system, however, is not altogether approved of, chiefly on account of the dead weight of the accumulators, and there are a very large number of engineers who advo-cate the Siemens system of underground contact, which was first adopted at Buds Pesth in 1889. It is believed that this method will in the future be very generally used to the exclusion of the accumulators, and prob ably the trolley. This latter system has been chosen for the new line at Havre. All animal power for tramway purposes in that town is to be suppressed. and a contract for the substitution of electric power has al ready been given.

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They Are Doing Me Good. Earlyfile III. May 23, 1802.

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